

PLOT TO SLAY RICH AMERICANS FOILED

Anarchist Plan to Kill Two Rockefellers and Carnegie Is Nipped in Bud.

BOMB IS THROWN AT CATHEDRAL ALTAR

Lighted Fuse Is Immediately Extinguished and Man Who Hurl'd the Infernal Machine Is Arrested by Detective.

New York, Mar. 3.—An attempt to blow up St. Patrick's cathedral with a bomb and the arrest of two men by detectives who had been informed for months of their activities was followed by an announcement made at police headquarters that the arrests had balked an anarchist plot to kill with bombs Andrew Carnegie, John D. Rockefeller, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and other wealthy men. Thereafter the anarchists, according to the police, were to inaugurate in New York city a reign of terror comparable only to the days of the French revolution. It was part of the plot, the police assert, for gangs of men armed with rifles and revolvers to appear simultaneously in various parts of the city to shoot and to pillage; the biggest banks of New York city were to be blown up and many wealthy men were to be slain.

Vanderbilt Home Also Target.

The wrecking of the cathedral was to be the signal for the opening of the elaborate campaign of murder and looting. The next move, according to the police, was to place bombs in the homes of Andrew Carnegie, the Rockefellers and Cornelius Vanderbilt. So far had the plot progressed toward this end that the manufacture of the bombs, the police say, had already been started.

With these and other capitalists disposed of, the anarchists planned, according to the police, to invade the financial district and lay their bombs in the city's biggest banks. General looting was to follow.

For months a central office detective had worked in the inner circle of the anarchists, according to the police story, and had kept the detective bureau advised of all their plans.

This detective, Frank Baldo, assisted in the manufacture of the bomb with which the attempt was made to blow up the cathedral. The detective accompanied the bomb thrower to the edifice and sat with him while he lighted the bomb and hurled it at the altar.

Cathedral Alive With Sleuths. Immediately the cathedral, in which 800 persons sat at worship, became alive with detectives, whose presence had been unsuspected by the bomb carrier. Baldo, sitting beside him, placed him under arrest; detectives sitting in the pew behind dashed into the aisle and stamped out the sputtering fuse. The congregation hardly realized what had happened until it was all over and there was no panic.

At police headquarters the alleged bomb thrower said he was Frank Abarno, a lithographer, 34 years old. Soon after he was taken to headquarters detectives, acting upon information given them by Baldo, arrested Charles Carbone, an 18-year-old boy, and charged him with complicity in the plot and with helping to make the bomb.

When Abarno entered the cathedral door, his bomb in a package under his coat and Baldo at his side, he walked upon a stage where a setting of which had been placed there by detectives. Two scrubmen on their knees in the vestibule through which he passed were in reality central office detectives. The white-wigged priest who met them at the door and took them to a seat down near the front of the church and close to the altar was a sergeant of police.

Just behind Abarno there entered the church, quite casually, two more detectives, who followed the pseudo priest and took seats at his bidding in the pew behind. It was these men who saved the cathedral from damage by beating out the fire in the fuse.

Quickly Realizes He's Trapped.

Abarno realized the identity of his companion a moment after he had lighted from the glowing end of a cigar the fuse of the bomb which he carried under his coat. The missile had barely left his hand, to lie for a moment on the carpet at the foot of the altar, when Baldo pinioned Abarno's arms behind him, told him that he was under arrest and started to leave the church. Abarno permitted himself to be handcuffed to his captor without resistance and walked meekly down the aisle with other detectives surrounding him.

Baldo had lived with the alleged anarchists since last December. He had obtained Abarno's complete confidence and had discussed with him and with others, the police assert, the details of the widespread plot. From Baldo the police learned that the anarchists' plans were to be developed in separate phases by groups of two and three men working together. Detectives were assigned to watch these groups, and two men from central office were shadowing Carbone when he was arrested.

According to Baldo, Abarno had planned to wreck the cathedral a week to late in the afternoon, but had stonped execution of the idea, partly at Baldo's suggestion. Tuesday, he left his room with Baldo, half a dozen detectives, some of them disguised as laborers and carrying dinner

Marvelous.
doctor told her that what she was a good hearty meal at which then to stop thinking about each.
doctor, only two months ago me to avoid dinner at night, to a light supper instead."
"I?" replied her medical adviser. "Well, that's a marvelous stride medical making."—Boston Transcript.

Various Things columns

DENNIS JOSEPH CASSIN



Mr. Cassin, an engineer of the New York Central railroad, was recently awarded one of the E. H. Harriman memorial safety medals. He entered the employ of the New York Central in 1861. For many years he operated one of the fast trains of the road without an accident. He was retired from the service last year when he attained the age of 70 years.

SAVE LIVES OF MANY CO-EDS DURING FIRE

Head of Ohio College and Teacher of Greek Prove Themselves Heroes as Blaze Sweeps Girls' Dormitory.

Hiram, O., Mar. 3.—President M. Lee Bates of Hiram college and Miss Emma Ryder, teacher of Greek, saved the lives of 45 co-eds when fire swept through Bowler hall, dormitory for girls.

Three young women lay ill in their rooms when Miss Ryder dashed through the dark halls shouting "Fire." By the time the last girl reached the outside President Bates came running up.

"The sick girls!" cried Miss Ryder, and a moment later "prexy" was lost in the smoke. He carried to safety Miss Kate Cowdry of Ashtabula and Miss Helen Loane of New Jersey, both of whom were threatened with pneumonia. The others managed to escape, aided by Miss Ryder.

palls, trailed him to the church.

One of Deadliest Bombs.

The bomb hurled at the altar was made of scrap iron inside a plaster of paris body. Inspector Egan of the bureau of combustibles said it was the deadliest he ever had seen. Most of the scrap iron was round knobs which had been wrenched from iron fences in front of the houses of New York city's wealthy residents.

According to the police, the plot was centralized in the group of anarchists known as the Bresci group, so named because of the admiration which its members expressed for Gaetano Bresci, the man who killed King Humbert in Italy in 1900. At the time of this assassination it was reported that a group of anarchists in New York and Paterson, N. J., shared the plot.

It was announced at police headquarters that Abarno had made a confession, in which he admitted the existence of a plan to begin a reign of terror in this city which would include the assassination of Andrew Carnegie, John D. Rockefeller, Cornelius Vanderbilt and other wealthy men.

CONVICTS MANASLAYER

JURY FINDS PRISONER CHARGED WITH SECOND DEGREE MURDER GUILTY OF MANSLAUGHTER.

Bowling Green, O., Mar. 3.—After five hours and a half deliberation the jury in the Charles Neiswander trial reported Tuesday and found the prisoner guilty of manslaughter. Alleging irregularities, counsel for defense made a motion for a new trial and Judge Platt of Tiffin set March 15 for the hearing.

The grand jury indicted Neiswander for murder in the second degree of his father-in-law, William E. Dinndorf, Dec. 13, 1913. Neiswander has been released on \$5,000 bond.

Scalds Fatal to Child. Sandusky, O., Mar. 3.—Frank Ferlito, two, who fell into a tub of hot water while watching his mother wash, died at the home of his parents Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ferlito.

Weighed 503 Pounds at Death. Marietta, O., Mar. 3.—Miss Emma line Hamey, 47, for many months a sufferer from elephantiasis, who was found dead in bed here, was buried Tuesday. The rare disease had increased her weight from 155 to 503 pounds.

His Score.
"What's that piece of cord tied around your finger for?"
"My wife put it there to remind me to post a letter."
"And did you post it?"
"No; she forgot to give it to me."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Read Hap of Various Things column

SOME FLORIDA IMPRESSIONS

Mr. Templin a Keen Observer and Writes Interestingly About What He Sees.

St. Petersburg, Fla., Feb. 22, 1915. Editor Dispatch:—In my last letter I endeavored to give your readers some idea of what the life of Pines is like. We left the island at 6 p. m. arriving at Batabano, Cuba, about 5 a. m. the following morning and found a train waiting to take us to Havana. As our trip going was all by night I will tell something about the country in Cuba from Batabano to Havana. We left Batabano just as daylight was beginning to show, and were soon in the midst of vast fields of sugar cane, with the sugar mills in the distance. The men were busy at work before the sun was up cutting and hauling the cane to the mills, and at several stations loading it onto cars to ship to the mills. The cane is all hauled on huge two-wheel carts (with wheels about eight feet in diameter) drawn by three or four yoke of oxen. Owing to excessive rains the great wheels plowed through the red mud, a foot or more deep. I never saw as much vegetation of any kind growing on the land, as there was in these cane fields. The cane was 6 to 8 feet high and so thick on the ground that it was difficult to walk between the rows. I was told that upward of thirty tons of cane per acre is produced. Everywhere you see evidence of the fertility of the soil. This Cuban sugar cane is entirely different from the sugar cane or sorghum grown in the U. S. As soon as the crop is cut another sprigs up from the same roots, 4 or 5 crops being produced from the same roots after which new fields are started by planting suckers from the old roots.

We timed our return so as to leave Havana on the S. S. Gov. Cobb, which is a much larger boat than the one that tossed us over. We were delighted when we boarded the boat, believing that we would have a fine return trip across the straits, but no sooner were we outside the harbor than the boat began to roll and pitch, and cut all kinds of didos. Mrs. T. was soon good and sick again. I have never been sea sick, but I soon was compelled to go to my stateroom where I laid flat on my back for five long hours. I succeeded in holding my reputation but it was a close call.

We spent one day again in Key West, wandering along the sea shore, gathering shells, sponges and other strange forms of animal life that are continually being washed ashore. We also investigated an old fort that for many years has kept solitary watch at the southern point of this island, being the southernmost point of the U. S. I did not learn when it was built, but from the architecture and general appearance I would say it was a century or more old, built largely from red brick shipped from elsewhere. If its old walls could talk, I would not be surprised if it would tell us that there was never a single gun fired from its ports at an enemy. Built here at a time when there was no city here, more than 50 miles from the main land of Florida, the southern part of which even now is an uninhabitable swamp. Oh, the foolishness of it all!

We left Key West in a sleeper at 7 p. m. and were soon trying to sleep, but the thoughts of traveling over the sea in a sleeping car was not conducive to slumber, but did not sleep much. It was our intention to leave the train at Port Landersdale, which is the outlet of one of the great Everglades Drainage Canals, but we learned that there were no boats running through the canal this season. We were disappointed as we wished very much to reach this state talked about section of Florida.

Fortunately we formed the acquaintance of a Mr. Brown and wife of Nashville, Tenn., who had made the trip last season, and they gave us some idea of what there is to be seen. Your readers doubtless remember that some 4 or 5 years ago the state of Florida began to drain the Everglades by dredging great canals from Lake Okechobee to the sea, the object being to convert the great swamps into farm land. The state sold the land in great tracts to promoters, or in plainer English, Land Sharks, at 25c per acre. A man in a store in Cleveland, who had a lot of literature sent him by one of these Everglades land companies. He was away up in the air about it; said he was going to sell his home and go to Florida. I told him to go slow, and not to sell his home until he first visited the land, as the Everglades were half as big as the state of Ohio, and plenty for all.

This Mr. Brown tells me that the canal is sixty miles long, from Port Lauderdale to Lake Okechobee, and through its entire length there is nothing but a vast sea of sour grass 5 or 6 feet high as far as the eye can see in every direction. The only living thing in sight is an occasional alligator dropping and rising in the water. In a few places attempts were made to cultivate the soil, but it is so light that the wind blows it away. The black muck or soil is 10 to 14 feet deep, and by jumping up and down on it you shake it for 50 feet around you. The banks made from the soil taken from the canal have all blown away. Thousands of people all over the north have been induced to buy this land at about \$40 per acre that cost the "sharks" 25 cents. I cannot forgive the state for the part they have had in this swindle as they must have known when they sold the land for 25 c per acre what the fate of the buyers were. If the land was of any value they would far better have sold it direct to the people at \$2 or \$3.00 per acre.

The Everglades, however, is not the only place in Florida where northern suckers are being swindled. In traveling over a new railroad connecting two main lines, we passed through a section that was rich in this kind of experiences, judging by what we saw. Almost the entire road runs through a low wet country with 90 per cent of the land too wet to be of any value. The train stopped ever 5 or 6 miles. At some places were a few new homes where people were trying to eke out a living. At one stop were only two buildings, and these were of quite pretentious size and appearance. One had a double deck porch around all sides and was called "The Inn"; the other not quite as large had "Town Hall" in large letters on the end facing the train. There was also siding. On a large sign board was the name

R. L. TEMPLIN.

Love's Answer.

Doest thou grow old? Doth time, the darning thief,
Filch from thy cheek, even thine,
The beauteous rose?
Alas! the morn of all fair things is brief.
Yet chide him not that calls it to its close.

He does but change the red rose for the white.
Doth but a little shade the intenser sun.
And saidst thou from the sharpness of that light
Whereby our peace was troubled;
'Tis well done.

Thou growest old? Dear love, it should be so.
That even thy true heart should feel the graver touch
Of his wise hand, and thou still dearer grow
To us who change, I mourn not overmuch.

Nay, rather, praise him, who, by leading thee I go, must keep thee close to me.
—Westminster Gazette.

Thrift in War Times

It would appear that years of great prosperity are before us, if we will take advantage of the situation. Conditions such as have arisen as a result of the war in Europe are the signal for a return to a simpler scale of living.

With the great European nations out of the market as lenders of money, there is a greater need in America for the cultivation of the saving habit in order that we may be in a position to finance ourselves.

It is very easy to let the dimes and dollars slip away into the new ways of spending, and equally as hard to return to former frugal habits, yet it can be done by opening a **Saving Account** with this bank and making regular deposits.

Four Per Cent Interest On Savings Deposits

The Farmers National Bank

Canfield, Ohio

DIRECTORS

John Delfs, H. J. Beardsley,
James S. Harding, Bruce S. Matthews,
James Park, Allen Kline,
Dr. D. Campbell, Geo. N. Boughton,
Mark H. Liddle

Two of a Kind

In a town many miles from Bath a tramp was brought before the judge for vagrancy and stealing rides on the cars. The case was presented to the court in due form and the judge asked the tramp if he had anything to say in his own behalf.

"Yes, Judge, I have," replied the wayfarer.

"Let's have it, then," replied the judge.

"Your honor," stated the prisoner, "over in Bangor I have a sick wife and a family of small children, and I have a letter from my wife asking me to come home, and that is the reason for my beating my way."

"I believe you are lying," said the court. "I myself have a letter from your wife, telling me that you are a worthless fellow and that she does not wish ever to see you again."

The tramp at this brightened perceptibly.

"Your honor, we're both of us lying for I have no wife," he said.

"Get out of this," ordered the judge, laughing as the tramp hiked away.

Canny

As Sandy holed out on the first green his friend from over the border asked: "And how many strokes did you take?"

"Eight," replied the Scot.

"Ah!" said the Englishman. "I took seven; so that's my hole."

The Scotchman ventured no reply; but when on the second green the Englishman repeated his former question, and made inquiry as to the number of strokes taken by his opponent, the latter nodded his head, and with an expression of infinite wisdom on his face, gently murmured:

"Nay, nay, my mannie; this time it's my tur'n to ask first."

Rabbits Were Out of Season

Uncle Jim Sugarfoot killed a fine rabbit for the entertainment of Parson Heavegrace, who was expected to dinner, but as rabbits were out of season he thought to avoid what might prove an embarrassing situation by making the parson think it was chicken.

"Brother Heavegrace," said Uncle Jim, when it came time for a second helping, "what part of de bird would you like now?"

With a merry twinkle in his half-closed eyes Parson Heavegrace replied:

"If you all don't mind Ah think Ah'll take de gizzard."

Willing to Oblige

Not long ago a young couple came in from the suburbs to New York City. They arrived very early and decided to have a lunch. They visited a tea room and had the place all to themselves.

In serving them the waitress omitted to supply a teaspoon, and the fair young bride whispered the fact to her husband.

Summoning the waitress, the young man asked:

"May we have a spoon?"

"Why, certainly," replied the girl. "I am just tidying up, and you can have the whole room to yourselves in a minute or two."

A Heartfelt Wish

Pedestrian (to beggar)—"I have little money to give you because I am a poet, and what is more, my poems are not to be published until I am dead. Here's ten cents."

Beggar—"Long life to ye, sir."

Mention that you saw it in The Mahoning Dispatch when answering advertisements.

A TALE OF TWO YEARS.

If anyone wants a measure of the value of the Wilson administration to this country, let him glance at the record of two years.

In 1907, the world was at peace. Factories were busy. Crops were good. There was no threat of trouble abroad. At home, the republican party, self-appointed vizier of "prosperity," was in undisputed control of the government, and Theodore Roosevelt held forth daily on the whole duty of man, with the white house or the president's train as his rostrum.

Yet out of that clear sky came a panic that forced every bank in the United States to suspend specie payment and rely on "cashiers' checks." The card house of prosperity tumbled to the ground. Factories closed, the stream of traffic dried to a thin trickle, disaster overtook the whole nation, and the effects of that disaster were still plainly visible when President Wilson took the chair in 1913.

Turn now to 1914. In early August of that year began the greatest and most destructive war the world has ever known. Men by millions dropped the tools of industry and sprang to arms. Battles involving armies larger than the hosts of Xerxes grappled on two frontiers, swaying back and forth, and trampling civilization into the mire between them. The purchasing power of this nation's best customers was cut in two, and some of those customers perforce ceased buying altogether.

Yet there was no panic. Business halted, as a ship might halt if she ran against a continent; but the ship did not sink, nor were tanks in water. There was a tremendous disruption of commerce and finance, but no collapse like that which came seven years before. The army of unemployed was no larger in 1914 than in 1907; and while the earlier depression lasted for years the latter one is already passing away, and prosperity is returning with steady pace.

For this amazing difference, for this new-found ability to withstand world upheaval without financial shipwreck, the American people can thank Woodrow Wilson and the federal reserve act, which the democratic party, under his leadership, placed on the statute books of the nation.—Chicago Journal.

Penitentiary Has "Home Rule."

A former banker, a farmer, a bookkeeper, a molder, a carpenter and two laborers compose the "council," at the Ohio penitentiary. They are a part of the "government" in Warden E. E. Thomas' new plan for "home rule" for the prisoners. These "councilmen," each one selected to represent a certain cell block, are accomplishing just what Warden Thomas expected when he put his plan into effect. They are enabling him to get into closer touch with the prisoners. For instance, it has been a rule that shoes are distributed every so often. Some prisoners wear out shoes sooner than others. Heretofore they have accepted their lot, fearful that a request for shoes before the time specified by the rules would bring a reprimand. One "councilman" so told the warden. Now prisoners are furnished with shoes when needed. There are many trivial matters which prisoners have been afraid to bring to attention of officials, and which officials have overlooked. As a result prisoners have nursed grudges. The "council" is expected to correct this situation.

Penitentiary Has "Home Rule."

Penitentiary Has "Home Rule."

Penitentiary Has "Home Rule."

Penitentiary Has "Home Rule."

Penitentiary Has "Home Rule."

Penitentiary Has "Home Rule."

Penitentiary Has "Home Rule."

Penitentiary Has "Home Rule."

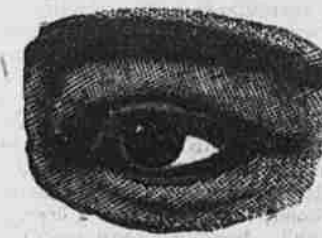
Penitentiary Has "Home Rule."

Penitentiary Has "Home Rule."

Penitentiary Has "Home Rule."

Penitentiary Has "Home Rule."

Penitentiary Has "Home Rule."



REBMAN

Has No Competition

My Examination of your eyes is entirely different from all others in Youngstown. The people who know this are those who have tried others without success. When your eyes go wrong—I will be pleased to consult with you. I use no drugs or poisons.

Dr. Fred B. Rebman

NEUROLOGIST
20 Years in Youngstown
402 Stambaugh Building
Both Phones Central Square

Watch This Space!

It belongs to

T. D. CARPENTER,
SCIENTIFIC OPTICIAN.

The fact that I have fitted a great many spectacles and eye-glasses where the specialist and the Traveling Optician have failed will certainly justify me in asking for your patronage. The traveling man does not contribute to the support of our town. Why not spend your money here, and you can get better service too.

Phone 107 Canfield, O.
All Work Guaranteed.

Docket 20, Page 165

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that Joseph Cronick, R. D. 4, Salem, O., has been appointed and qualified Executor of the last Will and Testament of Jacob Dustman, late of Goshen Township, Mahoning County, Ohio, deceased, by the Probate Court of said county. All persons interested will govern themselves accordingly.

JOHN W. DAVIS,
Probate Judge of Mahoning County, O.
Feb. 8, 1915.

LEGAL NOTICE

State of Ohio, Mahoning County, ss.—In the Court of Common Pleas.
Willis R. Barnes, Plaintiff, vs. Myrtle May Barnes, Defendant.
Defendant will take notice that on this day, the 1st day of January, 1915, plaintiff has commenced an action for divorce against defendant, on the ground of wilful absence, and that the same will be heard in the Court of Common Pleas of Mahoning County, Ohio, on or about the 8th day of March, 1915.
Anderson & Lamb, Attys. for Fritz.
Dated at Youngstown, Ohio, this 1st day of January, 1915.

Rexall

Dyspepsia Tablets

Will Relieve Your Indigestion

F. A. Morris.